The Woman's Era.

VOL. II. NO. 2. BOSTON, MASS., MAY, 1895 PRICE 10 CENTS.

Notes and Comments.

The April literary meeting of the Woman's Era Club was in charge of the Race Committee, Mrs. Mary Howard, chairman. Two thoughtful papers on "Our Opportunities" were prepared and eloquently presented by Mrs. Lottie Sampson and Miss Eva Lewis, calling out much discussion by members present. Owing to small attendance, it is proposed to have the papers read again, that a larger number may be heard in the discussion of this important subject.

The joyous Easter season was made gladder and the Era office fragrant by tulips and hyacinths sent in by Doogue, the florist, and sweet mayflowers, straight from Plymouth hillsides, brought by Miss Etta Toliver. The Era returns thanks to both donors for their thoughtful kindness.

The last of the public meetings of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs for this season was held on Thursday, April 11, in the Second Church in Dorchester, all the arrangements for the entertainment of the many club members being made by the Dorchester Woman's Club. So agreeable have been found these migratory visits of the state federation that Lynn has spoken for the first one of next year, and Roxbury for the second. The annual meeting, to be held in June, will take place on the first Tuesday of that leafy month, when the Social Science Club of Newton will be the entertainers.

At the meeting of the 11th ult, Mrs. Jennie K. Adams of Woburn presided in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Howe. Mrs. Micah Dyer, chairman of the committee of arrangements, Miss Florence Everett, state secretary, and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, occupied seats with M. Adams upon the flower-decked platform. The p[illegible]l addresses of the day were made by Rev. William H. Savage of Newton, who described "Charity of the Olden Times," and Mr. Frank Sanborn, who spoke upon "The Nerves' Centers of Charity," which he affirmed were pity and constraint.

Mrs. Ednah Cheney spoke briefly, complimenting Mr. Sanborn on his paper and the clubs on their progress.

"Charity to Dumb Animals" found an advocate in Mrs. John Richie, Jr., of Boston, who read "Simon Grubb's Dream."

Mrs. Micah Dyer read letters of regret from Superintendent Anagnos of the School for the Blind, and from Rev. Rufus Tobey of the Berkeley Temple.

Mrs. Ruffin, president of the Woman's Era Club, gave an interesting report of the good work of St. Monica's Home, conducted by the Sisters of St. Margaret.

"The Newspaper and Philanthropy" was the topic discussed by Mrs. Elizabeth M. Gosse.

Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln was the last speaker, and she read a paper on "Charity in Public Institutions."

The annual meeting of Federated Clubs will be held at Newton early in June.

Telegrams of sympathy were sent to Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Livermore.

New York.

Victoria Earle, Editor.

Mr. Fortune's recent discussion of the race problem, which has raised such a furore, is widely discussed here; and while some are disposed to condemn the expression of the class of ideas (truths—unsavory, but truths nevertheless) that he advanced, others applaud his courage in naming boldly the actual condition of the Afro-Americans as a whole, and laying bare the various causes that are slowly settling upon the masses, barring progress and enlightenment. When the emotional and sensitive character of our people is taken into consideration, his courage is obvious. No man is in a better position to speak on this subject than Mr.

Fortune, and the fact of his having given this subject his closest attention during long years entitles him at least to fair and unbiassed judgment. Thus far no facts have been produced in contradiction of his premises. The history of all nations proves beyond a doubt that people often need a plain, matter-of-fact expose of ruinous customs and nobility-destroying tendencies, as well as the individual; and that man whose mind is given to the advancement of his race is untrue to himself, his people, and the rational demands of the age in which he lives, if fear of condemnation prevents his calling attention to a condition which, if allowed to develop, is liable to be productive of a national disease. There is but one way, according to our way of thinking, to disprove the obnoxious statement; and that is, as Dr. John M. Henderson says, for the workers as well as the thinkers of the race to put themselves in harmony with the forces of progress. If plain truth and honest criticism will be productive of self examination as a people, by all means let us have such; for when a people begin to think, light and its attendant blessings and benefits follow.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH A KINETOSCOPE AND A PHONOGRAPH.

A man and a woman in a plainly furnished room. He says, Cherie, knowing how lonely your life is, I have bought and arranged this kinetoscope with views of the happenings of today among our people in Gotham, also a phonograph, so that you may know the talk of the day. If you will place yourself at the kinetoscope, I will shift the scenes and explain, according to my ideas, what they mean.

Ah! this picture, she says, is the Silent Shore, Sharon, a boat, and across that river the beautiful beyond, and in that halo of light a glimpse of some that have fought the good fight and received their crown, Douglass, Garnet, Peterson, Price, Ray, and the shadow of an innumerable throng; and here, leading down to the river, is a Hill. Yes, he says, that is the Hill of life, and here are a few of the many who have reached the heights and are laurel-crowned, Cromwell, Coffin, Harper, and a goodly number of young men and women filling up the ranks with genius, talent and education and full of energy and aspiration, all striving to reach that goal — success. And this ladder, that the topmost rounds seem golden and are lost in the clouds above, that is the ladder of fame; but why, says she, do they look with envy and try to jostle and push each other aside? Surely the rounds of the ladder are broad and wide enough for all. Because, he says, they are very human, and the unwritten law of humanity is self preservation.

And is this the legislature? Here are some of our prominent women; they seem to be making a petition. No, they are before the school board. Take the phonograph and you will find they are simply asking that justice be done, and that some of our well-equipped teachers be placed in the mixed schools; they also desire that one of our women be put on the school board to further the interest of the Afro-American. Meanwhile, if some of our women who are born diplomatists will make friends with the power behind the throne, Mrs. Granis, etc., they will eventually succeed. You know Gen. Grant gained some of his victories through strategy. And this large gathering of women, do you notice how much of refinement and intelligence there is among them? That is the W. L. U.; their purpose is the uplifting and betterment of their race and to give practical encouragement to all branches of industry and talent; they are doing a great and good work, because the leaders of the movement have the element of success within them and their influence is wide and far-reaching.

And this large crowd? Ah! they look so sad and anxious. Yes, he says, they are the great unemployed working class. Colored people as servants have gone out of fashion. "It isn't English, you know," to employ them, and yet in some instances it is our own fault. People now require the best service, and we don't keep up with the times, but do things in a slip-shod sort of way. If the advanced woman would start a training school for domestics she might evolve competent help that would be in demand irrespective of race, color or previous condition.

What a bright, pretty picture this is, she says. Yes, that is a function given by the smart set. What a lot of lovely well-gowned girls and charming young matrons; but it seems to be er—er—rath[illegible] from the haunts of men. There are [illegible] misguided, unhappy-looking youths w[illegible] have doubtless done their duty nobly dancing, and they are now wildly but vainly trying to make their escape, and those pretty girls have a pensive, far-away, expectant look in their eyes, as if they were waiting with that hope that rises eternal in the female breast, that her own special lord of creation will put in an appearance. Do

you think he will come? Oh no, he says, each and everyone of them had to see a man on business at the club, and they are there, telling with unholy glee how they dodged their wives and their sweethearts, their sisters and their cousins.

Why, this must be the great Mogul himself, and all of these Afro-Americans are casting tribute at his feet! Oh no; that is only our colored brethren paying their money for the hire of halls for their entertainments. And why do they not co-operate and have buildings of their own? Because what this race need is confidence in each other and in their leading men. And this picture —

Petite, do you mean to sleep all day?

Asleep! Is it possible? And it was only a dream after all!

PETITE REINE.

WASHINGTON

MARY CHURCH TERRELL, EDITOR.

Early in April, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell was appointed on the Board of School Trustees for the District of Columbia. The placing of women on the board is an innovation for the District, and the applicants were many and persistent. This being so, and Mrs. Terrell being one of two appointed, (and of course the only one of color) she, as well as the WOMAN'S ERA, may justly feel honored. The large number of applicants made the matter of choosing difficult and critical, and the fortunate appointees have the satisfaction of knowing that they have distanced all competitors in fitness and capability and stand as the best obtainable for their positions.

It is possible that some of our readers are unacquainted with the career of Mrs. Terrell; for their satisfaction we quote from the *Washington Post*, only adding that Mrs. Terrell has attracted much attention everywhere by her work in the ERA, extracts from her contributions being often copied in the leading papers of the country.

"Mrs. Terrell, who will serve on the board with Mrs. Stowell, is recognized as one of the brainiest women of her race. Her husband is a Harvard graduate, and they live at 1936 4th street, Le Droit Park. Mrs. Terrell is an alumna of Oberlin College, graduating from the classical department with high distinction in 1884. She afterward taught Latin and Greek at Wilberforce University, Xenia Ohio. She was two years in Europe studying the modern languages, attending school at Lausanne, Berlin, Florence and Paris. She was for several years employed as a teacher in the Colored High School of the District, is chairman of the educational committee of the Colored Women's League of the city, and has been president of the Bethel Literary Society, being the only woman to occupy that position. She was appointed registrar of Oberlin College and professor of Greek there, but did not accept the appointment. She was the first colored woman to whom such an appointment was tendered."

Mrs. Terrell has recently been interviewed on educational matters by the *Washington Star*. Her remarks make most interesting reading, and an extract is subjoined for the benefit of our readers.

"Mrs. Terrell, whose connection with educational work, especially among the colored people, qualifies her to speak with some authority on the subject, talked interestingly on what she hoped might be accomplished in the future in educational methods. In the course of her conversation she laid special stress upon the need of kindergartens everywhere for all children. Especially is this need felt in the case of the colored children of the District.

"As to my views on industrial work, I have only to say that I should give some kind of a trade to each and every young woman who graduates from our public schools. There are at present about three hundred girls in the High School; of this number it is possible for a hundred, perhaps, to receive appointments as teachers. What is to become of the other two hundred, with so many avenues of industry closed against them on account of their color? To be sure, it is possible for them to learn the dressmaker's trade, but they cannot all make a living at dressmaking.

"I venture to state that it would be impossible to find a first-class millinery establishment to which a colored girl would be admitted as an apprentice. So I might go on multiplying examples of the disabilities under which our young women labor.

"The conclusion of the whole matter is simply this: Let the public schools equip our young women with trades, which they can acquire nowhere else. Let our girls be instructed in all the occupations in which women may engage. The dignity of labor I should preach in season and out, making it a cardinal principle of my ideal system. All young women who have not a pronounced leaning toward teaching should be urged to learn a trade at the beginning of the High School course. One study in the curriculum should be dropped in order to allow the pupil to devote more time to the chosen trade. A certificate or diploma should be given to the pupil when the prescribed course in the industrial department has been completed. The day is not far distant, I hope, when the public schools of the District shall afford our young women the

opportunity of becoming first-class milliners, dressmakers, scientific cooks and proficient artisans in whatever industry they may select."

ILLINOIS.

FANNIE BARRIER WILLIAMS, EDITOR.

NEED OF CO-OPERATION OF MEN AND WOMEN IN CORRECTIONAL WORK.

Emerson says "That you may proceed in the faith that whatever the woman's heart is prompted to desire, the man's heart is simultaneously prompted to accomplish."

The need of co-operation of men and women in correctional work appears so evidently reasonable and axiomatic that the form of the subject might well be changed so as to read, Who says nay to the need of co-operation of men and women in correctional work?

But I take it that women simply propose to bring to the work a larger heartedness than is now exercised in its behalf.

What our humanity needs and what our religion and finer sentiments ought to suggest is that the very best agencies of our civilization ought to reach and lift up toward the most perfect citizenship all whom fortune and nature have illy favored.

Are there so many dependent, homeless and undisciplined children that institutions must be built to house, sustain and protect them through their minority? Then send to them as instructors not men or women, but men and women of the best hearts and the finest minds and accomplishments. Women believe that the best that humanity has is none too good to be used in making good men and women out of what are called bad children. The best that woman can offer stands ready to be joined with the best that man can offer in lifting all correctional institutions of the country to a position of greater usefulness in developing character on the ethical side.

Our correctional institutions are not what they ought to be, largely because man alone has been the stern master. Correctional work has been a matter of business, a policy of hard necessity, of punishment, of discipline, of appropriations and of salaries. The management of all our institutions growing out of philanthropic impulses has cultivated a delightful aptness in the invention of cheerful names for such institutions. What a joy in such an array of names as Home for the Friendless, Home for Dependent Children, Home for the Incurables, Old People's Home, Erring Woman's Refuge, Old Men's Home, Orphan's Asylum, etc. What a vocabulary of misery! Such names cheapen the quality of mercy and make organized philanthrophy but an expression of patronizing almsgiving.

But we need not resort to criticism in order to justify woman's desire to share in the responsibility of making a proper use of the humane forces that would rather save than condemn the waifs of society. We must be ready to recognize that men or women working apart in any reformatory work cannot show perfect results. The supreme need of our correctional institutions is a larger baptism of the home spirit in the management, and women, we believe, can bring this needed influence. She would justify her request for co-operation by making these institutions less of a prison. It should be the mission of woman, with her warmer heart and finer instincts for home training, to make the great body of society absorb into its home life every dependent child susceptible to tender influences. I have faith enough in human kindness to believe that there is somewhere a home for every homeless child. It is possible to make every incorrigible child corrigible by a parental spirit of discipline. Give woman a chance and the great warm heart of human society will beat close to every human being capable of rescue from the blight of the vices. Women would come to this work with a heart and conscience, and ask to have a stronger emphasis placed on every influence that would tend to develop the home instinct of every child appealing to the state for protection and training. Women come to the study of these new responsibilities, not with selfish motives for honors and office and salaries, but rather with a burning desire to make better the world by helping to make better and sweeter the lives of the children of men. We would seek to give a new importance and honor to a department of human responsibility which society has learned to regard in the spirit of almsgiving. We would seek to quicken the responsibility in the breast of every man or woman for every child sent to a reformatory institution. We would establish a direct line of interest be-

tween every child of misfortune and the heart of every home in the land. We would increase the importance of every child and diminish the institutional features of every reformatory.

This is not saying too much or hoping tóo much for what woman can and will do when prejudice shall give way to the entrance of her love and aptitude for all things that concern the deeper and tenderer side of human life.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DORA J. COLE, EDITOR.

On Easter Monday evening the citizens of Philadelphia held a memorial meeting for Frederick Douglass at the Academy of Music. It was an impressive occasion. Many distinguished speakers dwelt on different phases of his many - sided life, tributes were paid to his unblemished integrity, his gracious personality, his strong mentality and magnetic eloquence, but it was reserved for a woman to electrify and enthuse the audience. Mrs. Fanny Jackson Coppin spoke of what Douglass' life meant to the young, each to work out in his own way the good work so nobly carried on by our spokesman who is now silent, he who in his life seemed to be a witness for the capability of the negro if only afforded the opportunity.

Mrs. Coppin spoke of his belief in woman, of her ability to acquire knowledge and of her rights in the body politic. I would be happy if I could even faintly give you an idea of her eloquence as she contrasted the condition of the negro in 1843, twenty years later and now.

Her audience was charmed and thrilled, and responded to her thoughts that breathe and words that burn with such deafening applause that she gathered their commendation as a weapon against them and charged all who applauded her sentiments to be responsible for carrying them out.

It was a grand object lesson for the detractors of woman's ability and an inspiration for every woman who heard her, so capable, so powerful, so modest.

In a recent issue of a leading Wilmington, Del., journal, Miss Edwina B. Kruse, the successful principal of school No. 16, has contributed a forcible article on the "Mental Possibilities and Special Endowments of the Negro Race." The paper is valuable for the accurate and detailed account given of the educational opportunities furnished the negro, and of the use he has made of them, from primary grades to the highest collegiate course. Miss Kruse also tells us where the many college graduates of our race are employed and what they have accomplished.

The school population of the seventeen former slave states is very nearly three million. These pupils are taught by twenty-five thousand colored teachers. Here is a vast leaven working!

The article goes on to tell of the many industrial and manual training schools scattered through the south and of the vast good accomplished by them. We owe thanks to Miss Kruse for furnishing us with so valuable an array of facts of such vital interest.

Speaking of school work reminds me of an exhibition held in our city of Works of Art suggested for Schoolroom Decoration.

The exhibition was held in Drexel Institute, itself a work of art, with its marble court and magnificent stairway leading to the upper galleries and rooms.

If some of the old wielders of the hickory switch in the white-washed, wooden-benched schoolrooms of the past could have wandered through these halls and seen the models proposed for the decoration of our schools he would have thought that times were changed indeed. A new era is opening in American school life. The kindergarten was the entering wedge. It showed the possibilities of childish observation and perception. Trained in the habit of seeing beauty, surrounded by examples of what is pure and beautiful, classical and great, it is hoped that it will lead the children to hate ugliness in the home, in the street and in their lives.

The exhibition consisted of models, casts, prints and engravings of what is highest and best in the world of art, the immortal marbles of Grecian and Roman masters, all the famous conceptions of the Madonna and child, the noted cathedrals of every country, historical and allegorical subjects, poets, statesmen, inventors, philosophers, triumphal arches, the Sphynx and Pyramids.

It was an instructive and interesting array, and if the City Fathers in their wisdom see their way clear to appropriate the funds necessary for the

purpose, or if in any other way these objects of art are lavished on the schools, those of us who are living a generation hence, when thousands of children have been trained under these aesthetic conditions, may expect to see a new Philadelphia indeed.

MISSOURI.

JOSEPHINE SILONE YATES, EDITOR.

DISCIPLINE.—(Concluded.)

LUELLEN WILLIAMS.

Some raise objections to this method of procedure. They say the parents will not like it. Well, suppose they do not? It is certain that they too need a lesson. Most parents are alarmed when their children are sent home from school. They seem to feel it keenly as a great disgrace. Their first impulse is to go after the teacher. Even should they come with sleeves rolled up and sparks flying from their eyes, let them find the teacher polite and just. They will, in the end, conclude that it is better to have that boy managed by the teacher than to have him expelled and at home on their hands. The probability is that before they leave, they will be more severe on the child than was the teacher.

There is no question about it. When there is open rebellion, something must be *done*—not *said*. Some natures can be acted upon only in this way. It is a heritage that has come down from those cruel days.

All humanity is akin, but each people has its peculiarities, and we have ours. We are loath and very loath, to give credit, by word or action, where it is due. If one does a thing well, we seem to think a little praise will detract from our ability, and we begin at once to find fault and to tell of greater things we have seen and heard. This spirit reveals itself in many different ways.

I once saw a young mother cast glances of the deepest affection upon her eighteen-months-old babe, as it sat upon the floor. But when the little one looked back at her, prattled and smiled she reached out and slapped it in the face. It seemed to me that she feared to let it see how much she loved it.

I have seen a large-sized girl trying hard to step upon a higher plane. I have watched the signs of the terrible conflict that was going on within her breast, between gentleness and habitual roughness. I have seen her stop and try to greet her teacher or schoolmates politely, and then (as though an evil spirit had turned her right about) toss her head up and stalk by. How pitiable to see kindness struggling in the toils of habit! Right here comes another opportunity for the teacher. She can help gentleness to gain the mastery.

In the heart of every child there is a spirit of kindliness. With some, the heart is full and running over. With others, the spirit is asleep deep down in some dark and hidden recess. There must be an awakening, before its presence can be felt; but when once it is aroused, the teacher does not appeal to the higher nature in vain. Refinement that springs from within, shows itself in the movements, as well as in the acts of a person. Many teachers spend valuable time in working on the wrong side. Begin within and work outward.

It is in the school-room that a child gets a great part of the training that is to fit him for the stern realities of life. He learns to respect the rights of others. He learns to curb his temper, to be manly enough to acknowledge his wrongs; to expect hardships, and to have courage to fight against them and down them.

There are teachers whose greatest force is flattery and fulsome praise. They give the child an exalted opinion of himself, making him believe that he is the teacher's sole support, and without his presence and assistance all would go wrong. The bad boy may be kept within bounds in this way. But what is the result when he gets out into the world? Who pets and flatters him then, just to keep him in good humor? Who jokes with him to take away the sting of a deserved rebuke? Who thinks that he always should have the right of way? He will find life a hard and cruel thing. He will condemn his false teacher and hate her for her treachery.

Let us do good, honest work, so that the boys and girls we send out may be honest men and women. In no case should we let an act of dishonesty, by word or look, go uncensured.

Our aim should be to have the heart right, the head right, and the hand to work with them.

Not long ago, a junior class was reading. I called attention to the quotation marks that inclosed a sentence. "Do you notice those marks?" asked I. A tall lad of fifteen thrust his hands into his pockets, stretched out his legs their full length under the desk, and with one eye directed toward me, said, "Huh! I knew them long time ago."

"What are they?"

"Quotation marks!" was the lofty answer.

"What are quotation marks?"

The correct definition was given with a most triumphant air, and the other eye was turned round to note the effect.

"If I were to ask you to compose a sentence and place these marks where they belong, could you do it?"

He hung his head and had to admit that he could not.

"Of what use to us is the knowledge of quotation marks? To enable us to stand up and recite, or to fit us to use them in written work?"

He saw my point, and was manly enough not to murmur, as he usually did when I gave his class written work to do.

A few months ago, Rev. Dr. Hamlin of Washington, D. C., addressed the Y. M. C. A. upon the subject "Knowing and Doing." He referred to his recent visit to Yale University and spoke of the practical work of the students there as one of the greatest examples in this age, of the necessity of both knowing and doing. "Knowledge," he said, "is useless unless it is put into practice."

If a boy can spell well, there is no reason why he should not be able to let it be seen in his letters to his friends and in all other compositions beside his spelling exercise. Writing should be something more than another form of drawing. Well formed letters and neatly arranged words should adorn every page of every written exercise, not the copy-book alone.

Can the teacher do more? Yes. She can do a great deal to brighten the poorest homes. She can explain to her little charges how homes can be made brighter by loving hearts and willing hands. She can make it clear that dimes spent for candy and pickles can be saved and put to a better use. She can impress upon infant minds that respect for old age is pleasing in the sight of God. She can broaden their sympathies and widen their sense of honor. She can bring careless children to see hundreds of beautiful little things that hitherto have lain in their way unnoticed.

But is this discipline? If discipline be the nourishing and directing of the gentleness that is in a child, this is discipline, and that of the highest order.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Dainty April flowers, in your lovely little robes
Of shaded pink and white,
Ever changing, always giving promises divine
Of happy harvest time,
Lessons noble, true and holy teaching age and youth.
Your fragrance sweetly woos careless youth
With tales of fame and bliss secure;
Again the aged hold
Treasures deeply buried in the grave of long ago.
Today you gaily smile,
Turning dreary winter from our lives and from the land;
Tomorrow on the earth
Low you'll lie, yet not destroyed, although to mem'ry lost,
For what ye could ye've done.

At the annual election of the Colored Woman's League the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. Mary Handy, president; Miss Anna H. Jones, Mrs. McDowell, vice presidents; Mrs Cora W. Griffin, recording secretary; Mrs. Mallory, assistant secretary; Mrs. J. S. Yates, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Callie Edwards, treasurer.

A reception was tendered Miss Ida B. Wells by the League on the occasion of the last meeting of the year 1894-95, and after highly interesting remarks by Miss Wells, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, the Colored Woman's League, an incorporated body, was organized for the purpose of lending aid in any possible way to all members of the race, and especially to the amelioration of the condition of our women and girls; therefore be it

Resolved, That this organization recognizes in the personal character of Miss Ida B. Wells, and in the untiring, self-sacrificing efforts she is putting forth toward arousing public sentiment, a potent force in the work of calling attention to the wrongs perpetrated upon individual members of the race; of bringing about better methods for

the adjustment of the differences arising between the races; and of securing for the accused an impartial hearing, a fair trial and absolute justice before the courts of law.

Among other resolutions passed as a result of the series of meetings conducted by Miss Wells during her stay in Kansas City, the following, adopted at the close of her address before the W. T. C. U., in view of recent discussions, are especially worthy of note. "Whereas the barbarous and atrocious custom of lynching is growing rapidly in all parts of the United States without regard for sex, and too often on mere suspicion, as witness the wanton murder of a white woman in Nebraska and a colored woman in Tennessee; therefore, we, the women of the Central Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Kansas City, Mo., condemn the brutalizing and degrading effects of such revolting spectacles, express our hearty sympathy with Miss Ida B. Wells in her crusade against lynching, and pledge ourselves to use our influence toward arousing public sentiment to the crying need of a full and complete protection by the law until the fair and impartial trial guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States shall have established the guilt or innocence of the accused."

COLORADO.

ELIZABETH PIPER ENSLEY, EDITOR.

CLUB LAND.

With the rapid growth of country, city and town, old conditions have changed, new ones are brought forth. During the past decade, woman's organizations have sprung up, apparently with mushroom growth; yet many have stood the test of years, proving them to be important factors in educational life.

Denver is a city of women's clubs. The oldest organizations of this kind are the Fortnightly and Monday Literary clubs, both having been formed about 1881. The Fortnightly has rather the highest social standing, but it is a question whether it does any deeper or better work than the Monday, the standard of both being high, progressive and scholarly. The membership of each of these clubs is limited to twenty-four. The papers cover a range of subjects relating to literature, art and the home.

The Clio Club is of a similar nature. It has made thorough study of historical periods, covering the literary, artistic and social growth of each epoch. Perhaps its program for the past season will be interesting.

"The invasion of Europe by the Barbarians and its results;" "The Crusades and their effects upon European civilization;" "The Sieges of Paris;" "The mythical and romantic element in early English History."

The Round Table Club pursues historical studies, this year confining its attention to the historical plays of Shakespeare.

The Friday Morning Club, which meets in the beautiful art studio of one of its members each week, has studied the art of various epochs, beginning with the Egyptian and coming down to modern times. The history, life, manners, etc., of each country being studied in connection with the art.

The Woman's Club, organized one year ago, is patterned after the Chicago Woman's Club. It already has several hundred members, representing mainly the wealth and fashion of Denver, but has among its members women physicians, teachers, newspaper women, etc. There are six departments, Home, Education, Philanthropy, Art and Literature, Science and Philosophy and Reform. All members must enter one of these departments. Each department holds a monthly meeting of its own, and there is also a monthly meeting of the entire club. Outside of the programs both of the general club work and the department work, much practical work is done, as opening industrial rooms for women, a cooking school, etc.

The Woman's Educational Club is a new club which is doing excellent work in the study of political economy, so necessary to the new voters, and perhaps old ones as well.

There are a host of lesser clubs in Denver, including the political clubs of the women of the various parties, and dozens of study and reading clubs all over the city.

It will be of special interest to the readers of the ERA to know that among the last formed, but by no means least, in its scope of work, is the Woman's League of Denver. This organization was formed, primarily, to co-operate with the

Colored Woman's League of Washington, D. C., whose principal object is to gather and compile facts showing the progress of the race in all departments of life, to encourage unity of purpose, and to devise ways and means for promoting the best interests of the colored people of the United States.

The special work of the Denver League is suggested by its local needs. It was apparent that the time and effort spent in such an organization must be directed along such lines as would prove beneficial and remunerative. The work is divided into two principal departments, educational and industrial.

In order that the women may become educated in thought, an original paper is prepared and read by some member each week. A discussion follows. There is a parliamentary drill and the current events are given.

Classes are formed as the members desire to take up a particular study. Private instruction is furnished on easy terms.

The industrial department provides instruction in different kinds of handiwork. At the end of each quarter there is a public sale of foods and other articles, thus encouraging woman's industries, competition leading them to be satisfied only with the highest standards.

A Woman's Exchange will be conducted by the League as soon as suitable quarters can be obtained.

It is the aim of the Woman's League to become to women, however circumstanced, a means of aid, protection, elevation and development, according as each may need. Old and young, all creeds, unite on the common ground of womanhood.

Nothing so stimulates and creates enthusiasm as the contact and friction with other minds. To learn to work harmoniously is education of a high order. So if we are patiently persistent in working toward our ideal through the medium of the League, we shall gain that broad judgment, keen discrimination and charitableness which are productive of a well-rounded character.

The officers of the Woman's League for 1895 are president, Mrs. Lizzie M. Olden; first vice president, Mrs. Elizabeth Wallace; second vice president, Mrs. Julia Hubbard; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Ida De Priest; recording secretary, Mrs. E. Azalia Hackley; treasurer, Mrs. Marcellina M. Beatty; board of directors, Mrs. Louis Allison, Mrs. Eva Johnson, Mrs. H. W. Wade, Mrs. F. D. Cooper and Mrs. E. P. Ensley.

The Woman's League is enrolled in the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

Miss Ida B. Wells lectured in Denver in March.

The League edited the Easter edition of the *Statesman Exponent.*

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THE WOMAN'S ERA.

THE WOMAN'S ERA, the organ of the Woman's Era Club, and devoted to the interests of the Women's Clubs, Leagues and Societies throughout the country.

Published monthly, in Boston, by

JOSEPHINE ST. P. RUFFIN,
FLORIDA R. RIDLEY,
103 Charles Street.
MARIA L. BALDWIN.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Per Annum,	$1.00
Single Copies,	.10
Club Rates, one hundred copies,	7.00

Subscriptions Payable in Advance.

EDITORIAL

While the schools have made of woman a good deal of a scientist and a good deal of a philosopher, her genius for teaching the human heart its best lessons of home and its sanctities has lost none of its potency. But I do not wish to seem too flattering in urging the qualifications of women which should entitle her to co-operate with men in all work that makes for the public weal. I perhaps ought to admit that we ourselves are open to some criticism in our tendency to organize all our plans and schemes for the public good on sex lines. We ourselves help to discourage co-operation by too many organizations of ourselves, by ourselves and for ourselves. If women wish to advance any worthy cause by organization that cause would be better advanced by the co-operation of men and women than by their separation. For the purpose of social pleasure co-operation is admittedly proper, but for the advancement of humane and other high interests women are deemed incapable for association. For this mean discrimination we are not altogether blameless. The best organizations on both sides of the sex lines would be strengthened in their good purposes by co-operation.

If the letter M could in some way be added to W. C. T. U. the saloon interests could not only be regarded as one of the greatest indecencies of our civilization, but the blessed cause of temperance would be more widely triumphant in practical ways.

I cannot refrain from adding that for peculiar reasons we, as colored women, should most devoutly wish for a larger and more rapid growth of this spirit of co-operation of men and women in all good works. The need of the heart and mind of every good woman to help in the solution of the many problems of sociology, suggest the further need of the heart and mind of every good man and woman, of whatever color or race, for the same good purposes. The co-operation that women now seek for is the levelling spirit of democracy emancipating itself from the thrall of prejudice and looking toward the ethical equalities of life. In this agitation all progressive women are helping to bring our nation to the deep philosophy of Herbert Spencer, that "no one can be perfectly free until all are free, and no one can be perfectly happy until all are happy."

A gentle brave man is the hardest kind of a combatant to meet, and it is probable that Miss Katharine P. Loring has come to this conclusion in her endeavor to excuse the people of Camden for their treatment of Mr. Richard P. Hallowell. Mr. Hallowell is the quietest kind of a gentleman and probably a revelation to southerners, who seldom recognize courage unless accompanied by bluster and foolhardiness.

Mr. Hallowell, so far from ignoring Miss Loring's letter to the *Boston Herald*, brands it as utterly false, and calls upon the lady who has made herself "a too willing dupe of her friends in Camden" for a public retraction.

Nothing has yet been heard from Miss Loring, who has probably not recovered from having her southern friends shown up as they are and not as they make themselves appear so often to weak-minded northerners.

This is not the first of such occurrences in the south by any means. Probably all of us have personal knowledge of similar affairs. But in making a target of Mr. Hallowell, Camden certainly waked up the wrong passenger, for here is a man to whom loyalty is as the breath of life; who is loyal to himself, his convictions, to his sense of justice and right; who is not to be deceived by specious arguments.

Miss Loring has evidently retired, silenced by convincing truth, but as Mr. Hallowell "does not propose to release her from the responsibility she has taken upon herself," we have probably not heard the end of the matter yet.

Mrs. Silas Dickerson, of Newport, and her daughter, Miss Kinloch, spent Easter week in Boston. Their many friends were more than delighted at the opportunity to entertain them, and the consequence was a delightful time all around.

CALIFORNIA.

S. WILLIE LAYTON, EDITOR.

A GLIMPSE AT CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

(Concluded.)

Give your imagination full play, and picture these mission villages, located on some slight eminence o'erlooking a *bonito rio*, or verdant valley variegated with "baby blue eyes" and yellow poppies, valleys affording bountiful pasturage and feed for the cattle and live stock; or on some bold bluff where could be seen the beautiful blue sea. In either location, about a court of about a half acre, the buildings; the *prozolera* or dining hall; a wing containing the friars' cells, these small, poorly ventilated, with scarcely any furniture in many of them, ofttimes only a couch of hides stretched over a stout wooden frame, the friars only luxury. There were shelters for the live stock, and store houses for grain and provisions, dwellings, and the monjerio, a low stone structure, with a square court in the middle. The monjerio was the nunnery; here dwelt the mission maidens, presided over by a trusty old Indian woman, who kept vigilant watch over her charges. In the court sat the Indian maidens, working, weaving, spinning, chatting and casting coy eyes at the opposite sex, whom cupid would designingly decoy that way. All the cloth, towels, church embroideries, etc., used about the missions was the work of these maidens. Life here was simple and regular. At daylight all were astir, and proceeded to mass, after which breakfast, of the unvarying menu, *atole* (a preparation of barley) was served. Dinner consisted of *atole* cooked in various ways, with mutton as an *entree*; occasionally spinach *frijoles* were served. "At six o'clock P. M." supper was served of *pinole*, this a preparation of the ever present *atole*. To this the neophytes could add nuts and wild berries, which they gathered and stored in large quantities. Every morning from the commissary department, the *mavera* issued to each individual his daily bread. The benedicts carried their allowance home to be shared with their families; the unmarried males carried their allowance to the *prozolera* where it was prepared and served at one common table. At sundown, the "Angelus," when the laborers, neophytes and *padres* assembled in the chapel for prayers; the litany sung, the blessing invoked, the day ended, all returned to rest. The licentious and brutal conduct of the soldiers toward the Indian women caused numerous outbreaks and "Indian uprisings" so that the *presidios* were moved from the church settlements, and the *padres* discountenanced mixed marriages. To induce marriage among the natives, the *padres* would march all the male neophytes in the chapel, then repair to the *mojerio* and say, "Which of you, my daughters, wish to marry?" This would cause blushing and questioning glances from maiden to maiden, when they would all spring to their feet and follow the *padre* into the chapel, where stood in row the anxious and prospective bridegrooms, each hoping to attract the choice of his ideal, the prettiest and youngest of the maidens, who had the sole right of choosing. Sometimes the fastidious maidens, after coquettishly eyeing the row, would not find one to her liking, thereby deferring her choice and disappointing and blasting the hope of the aspiring candidates. Some of these romantic marriages were affairs of the heart and very happy unions resulted. These unions were rarely prolific, attributed by historians to the new and sudden modes of life forced upon the neophytes. Remarkably strange, the prolificness of the mixed marriages; it was not uncommon to see from fifteen to twenty-five children in a family. Punishment to maintain order was in various forms. Capital crimes were turned over to the soldiers; not infrequently refractory bucks were laid across the knees of the "fat, greasy" friars, and received physical emphasis of his admonition, with salutatory effect. There yet remains, despite the vandalism of the relic hunter, specimens of the workmanship of the neophytes. They were instructed in all the arts and mechanics, etc., of that time. In that time of successful communism, there was no display of greed of gain, no lust for money or selfish aggrandizement—the time of peaceful Eutopian villages; there was, to mar the serenity of the pious *padres*, however, outbreak from savage and unfriendly tribes; then came the great troubles of 1812, which destroyed many buildings and lives; last came secularization. In little more than a century thirty thousand Indians had been taken from barbarism, and taught to cultivate the soil and utilize its products, to manufacture and wear clothes, to build and live in houses, and

above all to know and worship the true God. Cattle and stock were thriving and increasing each year, vineyards and orchards flourishing and yielding abundant productions, all basking in the sunlight of prosperity, spiritual and temporal, but the storm of secularization was approaching, to soon burst with devastating fury. The empowered *Comision idos*, armed with the proclamations of secularization, seized all lands and stock; the cowled monks were to cease walking and praying in the beautiful mission gardens; disintegration of property followed; the Indians had their possessions wrested from them.

Removed from the restraining influences of the *padres*, a mighty struggle ensued between their few years of civilization, and hundreds of years of barbarism, "and it is not surprising that the weaker foe was vanquished." The mission ruins, beside whose walls lie sleeping those who played a conspicuous part in the history of their existence, are the links that connect our civilization with the romantic mission period. May they be preserved monuments to the *padres* who silently sleep, watched by the willows that o'er them weep.

OHIO.

SADA J. ANDERSON, EDITOR.

Toledo has enjoyed quite a treat within the past few days. The second State Convention of the King's Daughters and Sons was held here.

It has been a great pleasure to sit under the sound of the voices of such noble women as Mrs. Margaret Bottome of New York, President of the International Order, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson and Mrs. I. C. Davis, both of New York; the former editor of the *Silver Cross*, the magazine of the order, and the latter the business manager. All three of these ladies are but to be seen to be loved. We all, no doubt, are acquainted with Mrs. Bottome through her "Heart to Heart" talks to the daughters in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. We feel that Toledo has been blest, and much good has been done here through these noble women. Perhaps there is no organization on the globe, save the church, covering so large a scope of usefulness as does this order. Over 350,000 wear the little silver cross in His name; wee tots, whose little lips can scarce lisp the name of the King, wear it; hard laboring girls, on the mercies of a cruel world, wear it; women whose lives are one of toil, care and undeserved censure, feel the pang caused by the cruel thrusts of an unjust world no longer when the heart is hidden under the silver cross; silver-haired mothers become mothers indeed when they are all glorious within. Such is the characteristic of the King's daughter.

It was wonderful to hear what these dear daughters of Ohio have accomplished within the past year. Splendid, yes, marvelous reports were brought in from all parts of the state, of glorious results for the King. One very dear report to me was from the university circle of the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio. These girls are saving enough money out of their own to pay half the expenses of an African girl in a college in Ashville, N. C., her lady principal bearing the other half.

I spoke to the young ladies concerning the noble act, and one said, "Yes, sometimes we have scarce enough money to bear our own expenses, but in His name we sacrifice our own pleasures for this dear girl in Ashville, for we all have learned to love her."

Thus the good work goes on. Would that the hearts of all womankind could beat under the little silver cross and be pure and holy within. The work does not stop with philanthropic results alone, but these dear ones go on developing in spirituality and stimulating christian activities, thereby making the world better by their having been in it. Quite a good number joined the International Order, one of the number being your representative.

If nothing prevents, your representative will address the Y. W. C. A. at their parlors the second Sunday, in the afternoon. This organization offers the same opportunities to the colored woman as it does to the white. We feel perfectly at home there, and although the first woman of color to ever stand before them in such a position, we can not appreciate the honor too highly.

The Dickens Club was very highly entertained by Mrs. Hattie Cannon. It was our misfortune to be unable to be with them, thereby losing quite a literary treat, as they rendered a very fine program. This club has a membership of fourteen very studious women, whose aim is to become wiser in every respect. They have made vast improvements since their organization. The ERA is at home in this club, and its appearance every month is anxiously awaited.

An editorial in last month's issue concerning the *Ladies' Home Journal* forces me to say that the ERA has caused it (the *Journal*) to become quite jealous, as those who have been taking the *Journal* have given it up for the ERA. Last week a white gentleman friend of ours, a retired missionary, called in to solicit subscriptions for some periodicals in which he is very much interested.

I told him that I could not find the time to give to his papers after reading our own publications. He was surprised, and said, "Why, you don't mean to tell me that your race has produced authors and editors, and can you show me some of the publications?" I hastily placed before him every paper, pamphlet, journal and book in the library the productions of our race. "Well, well," says he, "you are taking me by storm. I did not know that your people aspired to such. Why, this is simply marvelous."

So it is with the whites. They endeavor to get their literature into our homes, never once dreaming or perhaps wanting to know that our own sable sons and daughters are daily feeding us from the fruits of their own fertile brain. We are misjudged by many of the opposite race. You know that the rotundity of the earth seems impossible to us because we see so little of it at once, yet we believe that it is round. So it is with the white man. He cannot believe that the negro race is making advancements for he sees such a small portion of us at once. There are exceptions, of course, for there are some who know and believe that we are fast coming to the front.

Bishop Penick said to my husband not long since, "I never hear of any books or periodicals written by your people." This divine has charge of the work for the negro in his church. If seeing would convince him he was convinced, for my husband placed at his disposal the productions that would make him wiser if he will but read.

The Oak and Ivy Club of Springfield, Ohio, is now in China. The principal object of this club is to improve its members in musical taste and skill and travel prospectively.

The Lovers of Wisdom are striving to raise the moral, mental, physical, social and religious standards for themselves. This club is composed of young ladies.

The White Rose Club is composed of twenty-four devoted Christian women who have three special objects in view. First, to create a greater love for church and more devotion to the teachings of Christianity; second, to improve their minds so that they will be more useful in the community; and third, to entertain worthy strangers who may visit the city. [I wonder if these White Roses do not wear the silver cross?] All of the pastors' wives belong to this club.

All of the above clubs are of Springfield. The ERA is at work there and we bespeak good results.

TENNESSEE.

SYLVIA MANN MAPLES, EDITOR.

The *Statesman Exponent* in a recent editorial says: "We must stop drawing the color line in every conceivable and foolish way, if we would have the color line abolished. There is neither sense nor race patriotism in it." The foregoing remark so fitly tells us of our own participation in the same sinistrous line that we can not but borrow them to preface what follows. Once upon a time, and that not a hundred years since, two colored churches of this city jim-crowed (if I may so phrase it) their respective audiences; or in other words, provided separate pews for the white and colored people assembled. The fashion, modeled after our own designing, was very soon adopted by an educational institution hard by, which, under white management, has done much for the elevation of colored youth in the south. To think of such an outrage, as it is called, causes lips to pale and hands to go up in holy horror. But why object? We discriminate against ourselves, and should not, with a modicum of consistency, complain when others do likewise.

The recent admittance of Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams of Chicago to the Woman's Club of that place has brought to light the fact that two eastern clubs have each a colored member. As the General Federation of Women's Clubs has been invited to come to Atlanta this fall, the question naturally arises as to how the negro contingent shall be disposed of. Embarrassing question this. The Woman's Press Club of Atlanta has become so aggrieved over the matter that it has withdrawn from the federation. Other southern clubs have followed en suite. The Ossoli Circle of Knoxville disfavors the withdrawal of one or more southern clubs from the General Federation of Women's Clubs, for the aforesaid reasons, and deems it best to take no action until after the next biennial meeting in May, 1896.

Miss Hattie Macafee is the agent at this point for Miss Wells' "Red Record." It tells of many men — negroes, of course — who have been hanged to the highest limb of the nearest tree for (in most cases) uncommitted crimes. It is, indeed, a red record; yea, even more — a blood-dyed death roll of the south.

With Mrs. Ella Hamilton as hostess, the meeting of the Woman's Mutual Improvement Club occurred on Wednesday afternoon, April 24, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Harriet Black read a paper entitled "The Dignity of Labor."

A man formerly of Massachusetts, but now a resident of E. Tennessee, has this to say about the southern negro: "In the south there is no use for an educated negro, and the more educated

he gets, the more useless he becomes. The white man will continue to be master in this country unless he becomes extinct, or until the millenium arrives, and the black man will continue to be his servant; therefore the wisest thing the black man's friends can do is to qualify him for that duty." It goes without saying that no such prophetic powers have been known since the days of old.

The Easter edition of the *Statesman Exponent*, edited and managed by the Woman's League of Denver, adds another feather to the crown of the race.

During the next two months hundreds of light-hearted, daintily-gowned girls will commence in reality to live. The anxiety of examination over, flowers and applause given, farewells said, school days past, and then the first act in life's great drama closes. You, dear girls, will feel, upon that auspicious day, a strange thrill of pleasure, a high sense of pride, an indescribable exhilarating something that perhaps during all your life may never be yours again. You have a happy anticipation of the future; so did we when we were in your place. The past is not so far away that we can not remember it all — the old chapel filled to its utmost capacity, the music, the lights, the flowers; our girlhood friends, our parents, our teachers, smiling, waving their hands and wishing us a smooth journey upon life's opening sea. No detail is forgotten. It is a vivid picture, indelibly stamped upon memory's wall; and when you, sweet girl graduates, shall have grown older, wiser, and perhaps humbler, you will look back with pleasure, and may be a tinge of sadness upon the commencement day of your life's work.

The reception and banquet, Monday evening, April 22, given in honor of Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, who is visiting her parents in Memphis, Tenn., was very complimentary both to the lady so highly honored and to the ladies and gentlemen who showed their appreciation of one, born in their city, and who by her rare accomplishments has been so highly honored in Washington, D. C.

Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Church, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hooks, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Settles, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ridley, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Harvey, Prof. E. L. Honesty, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cooper, Prof. Hamilton and wife, Rev. Honesty and wife, Prof. B. K. Sampson, Misses Katie Davis, Lottie Dickerson, Carrie Hamilton, Mamie Mosley, Mr. Chas. Williamson, Dr. Terrell, Prof. C. A. Thompson, Prof. John A. Ruffin and Mr. D. W. Washington. After a brilliant piano solo by Mrs. Julia A. Hooks, Prof. Thompson made the address of welcome to Mrs. Terrell, to which that lady responded in her happiest vein. And to those who had never had the pleasure of hearing their townswoman speak in public before, it was a revelation that charmed and delighted her hearers. Alter a solo by Mr. D. W. Washington, those assembled passed into the banquet hall, where an elegant repast was served. The toasts at the table were happily delivered and received much applause. The toast, "Our Guest," was responded to by Professor Ruffin, "Glimpses of the past," by Professor Sampson. "What of the future" was responded to by the eloquent J. T. Settles. Professor Hamilton caused much laughter by his "Democratic Dog." Prof. W. J. Harvey responded to the toast, "Our Progressive Woman," as follows:

Our Progressive Women. "Had this subject been assigned as a toast a few years ago, it would have been simply "Our Women," and the responder would have thought it sufficient response to say, "Our Women! God bless them!" But in this age, which the ladies delight to call the "New Woman's era," the subject of this toast is "Our Progressive Women." The advancement of women in the professions and in other avocations heretofore considered as belonging exclusively to the men, has been most wonderful. We men, once called the "lords of creation," laughed at the idea of women getting out of their proper sphere, but the laughter has died upon our lips and in its place are looks of wonder and admiration. Our noble women have torn down barrier after barrier that hindered their progress, and leaping over the ramparts of selfish ridicule, they are swarming into every profession. Fitted by nature to care for the young, it is admitted generally that the women are our best teachers. The school master is fast giving way to the school marm. And although I was once a school teacher myself, I hope the ladies will pardon the admission, yet I confess this is a pleasing change, for the school marms rule with sweet smiles and kind words, but our school masters ruled with a frown and a bunch of hickories. In the profession of law our women are slowly but surely making their way. As dry as Blackstone's Digests are, the women are eating and digesting them thoroughly, so I warn you not to be startled when you look up and see an office sign reading "Miss or Mrs. Blank, Counsellor at Law."

Belva Lockwood, the ex-presidential candidate, as a lawyer has quite a large and paying practice and so have other female members of the bar in this country. And so, ye lawyers, beware of the day when you meet a woman in battle array. You may be able to measure swords with a man, but who can measure tongues with a woman! But it is in the medical profession, that our progressive women are meeting with the greatest

success; the tender hand that was wont to calm the sufferer with its soothing touch has been trained to use the surgeon's lance and its fair owner now prescribes for the sufferer's disease. Aside from the wide field of practice among those of their own sex, it is said that they are the best children doctors in the world, and what a field is here afforded them! But leaving the professions, what of their progress in political affairs? Again, I answer, wonderful is their progress. That noble-hearted old Christian lady, Susan B. Anthony, used to be the laughing stock of American politicians, but she has lived to see some of her fondest hopes realized, and in Kansas, several ladies are mayors of cities, in Wyoming and Washington they vote just as any other citizen. In Colorado, they not only vote but three of them are members of the Legislature.

Truly then, our women are progressing and our nation's capital is honored in having upon its Board of Education the talented lady who is the guest of this occasion.

Gentlemen, think not that the ladies are simply our imitators, because they wear our hats, coats, shirt-fronts and bloomers; they are our competitors as well as our imitators. So this is to our Progressive Women, hoping that whatever their successes may be in art, science, or literature, they will still be loving sisters, good wives and dear mothers."

D. E. HARVEY.

VIRGINIA.

ROSA D. BOWSER, EDITOR.

Wedding bells in the air! The latest announcement being the approaching marriage of the president of a seminary well known in Virginia, to Miss ——, a student at H. M. College. Long life and happiness to them.

Rev. Graham of the 5th St. Church has been laboring earnestly in the revival meetings at his church for about two weeks. May success crown his efforts.

Miss Clara Alexander, the sweet singer of Lynchburg, and Miss H. V. Pankey, teachers in the public schools of L., were in Richmond during the holidays with a company under the supervision of Prof. Patterson of the Virginia Seminary. The company presented the beautiful drama, "The Belle of Saratoga," with Mrs. Dr. Jackson, of Lynchburg, pianist. We are of the opinion that no better entertainment has been presented to the people of Richmond at the Reformer's Hall. The proceeds were for the benefit of Virginia Seminary.

The fifth Sunday in March was Seminary day in Virginia. Many of the churches and Sunday schools held special services. Some of the churches collected nice little sums for the cause.

Beautiful lilies adorned the rostrum of the First Baptist Church on Easter morning. An interesting and instructive sermon was delivered by Rev. Crosby of the Theological Seminary. The choir from Lynchburg, under the direction of Prof. U. S. G. Patterson, relieved the church choir by the rendition of two selections appropriate to the occasion.

We think it has been difficult for the past three weeks to meet a child or adult who did not carry one or more envelopes for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. The pastor's entertainment for the same cause was given on the evening of April 15 at the First Church. This was the great rally night for the Y. M. C. A.

Sharon Church has called a pastor to succeed Rev. Troy.

Mrs. Octavia Ferguson has left the city to visit friends in two or three northern cities.

Hard times had no effect on festivities.

When this issue of the ERA reaches its readers the glorious Eastertide will be a thing of the past. Many were the preparations for the event. The exercises of the various churches and Sunday Schools were grand. The singing was of a very high order, and nothing remains as a reminder but the glorious thought: "He is not here, but is risen."

———

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. have elected for its president for the ensuing year Miss G. V. Freeman, a very efficient young woman of our city. Meetings are held twice a month for the purpose of gaining young women to do active work for the Association. The second meeting in the month is always a "literary" one. These are well attended, and we have reason to believe that this too is one of the agencies of promoting Christ's kingdom on the earth.

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Samaritan Hall was the scene of a very brilliant affair on Thursday night, April 11, the occasion being a "Banquet" tendered the M. W. G. M. A. F. M., B. A. Graves of Richmond, Va. The

hall was tastefully decorated with bunting, ferns and rare hot house plants. The handsome costumes worn by the ladies, and the gallantry shown by the gentlemen to all their guests, made the party the most enjoyable social event of the season. After a general introduction, the Campbell Lodge of Norfolk, under whose auspices this affair was given, formed in line with the guests and to the strains of a march by the Excelsior Band of this city, wended their way to the floor below where a table laden with all the delicacies of the season awaited them. This over, P. W. M., J. C. Asbury began the toasts, welcoming the visitors in a most gracious manner to the "City by the Sea" and all its hospitalities. Then followed the toasts of the evening and the responses thereto, which brought out a veritable flow of wit and wisdom.

GEORGIA.

ALICE WOODBY MCKANE, M. D., EDITOR.

The people of Augusta mourn the loss of one of their most talented young ladies, Miss Addie Williams, a teacher in the Mandge Street School. Death, cruel death, has ruthlessly crushed the half-blown bud of hope and promise within his icy hands. Those who knew her best loved her most. But there is one consolation.

All are not taken! There are left behind
Living beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind.

We learn that the Phyllis Wheatley Club of Augusta is progressing finely. The young men are anxious to know what subjects are discussed by the young ladies. This the members keep strictly to themselves. In the near future, however, I think that something pleasing to all will be reported. The WOMAN'S ERA should be read by all the members. What say you, Miss President? Why not advise all to subscribe?

THE VALUE OF A TRAINED NURSE.

BY LULA W. JOHNSON.

[Concluded.]

The contagious diseases that interest us more than any of the others are the ones found most frequently in our own city; for instance, scarlet and yellow fever. The former being found more often, we will take it as an example and see of what use a trained nurse is in this disease. The good and bad qualities of a nurse are now shown up in every respect. The patient is to be isolated, the highest room in the house being selected for this purpose; all coverings from the floor removed, curtains, pictures and hangings of all kinds taken down. A single iron bedstead with a straw mattress, a small wash-stand, with not more than one drawer, a old small table, an old rocking or reclining chair, an ordinary wooden chair and a clean starch or soap box, with a hinged cover, to take the place of a bureau drawer, are the only pieces of furniture necessary. White curtains of cheap material are the best for the windows because they can be destroyed. Two cheap rugs or pieces of carpet may be placed on the floor, one by the side of the bed and one for the use of the nurse. Our open fireplaces are the best ventilators, so they should not be closed; one window should also be kept partly open, with a triple fold of cheese-cloth tacked across to prevent draught and let in the fresh air needed. The ordinary china chamber set should be kept and a bed-pan and tin set added. Old cotton pillow-cases and sheets are the best for the bed, and the same is true of the gowns, towels and other things used for the patient.

I forgot to say that the floor should be scrubbed and windows washed after the walls have been thoroughly swept. An old sheet should next be wet in a solution of Platt's Chloride, bichloride of mercury or of strong lime water, and hung upon the door in some other part of the room. There should be a set of dishes kept to themselves for the use of the patient. If it is in the winter, keep the room at an even temperature as the doctor advises. The urine should be examined once a day, by means of boiling and then adding one drop of nitric acid, to see if there is any albumen present. Baths and sponges, if ordered, should always be given under cover, and the most nourishing and digestible food administered. Observe with care all directions concerning the medicines; watch the pulse and temperature. In giving the oil baths, let us remember that too much oil does harm and that they should not be given oftener than the doctor directs. One more thought. Let us not forget that the patient is alone with the nurse for the greater part of the time. The physician sees her only for a few moments and then he is gone. Now the long, weary hours of the day and night drag on. Her friends cannot see her; no sounds from without greet her ears save the songs of some sweet birds or the rustling of

the gentle breezes wafting sweet perfume from the flowers in the garden below. Now the nurse must do all that she can to comfort and enliven the patient. Sometimes all is done that can be, and yet the end comes on. The doctor has written his last prescription; the nurse has given the last dose of medicine. In the still hours of the night the patient realizes her condition. She turns to the nurse for a ray of hope or comfort, and the last look on earth from some loving wife, mother or child is given to the faithful, patient nurse.

SOCIAL NOTES.

BOSTON.

WHO IS "ANNO DOMINI" SETTLED.

(Scene—W-d-l-d P-k Hotel.)

Mrs. D.: "I wish I were sure of Anno Domini's identity."

Mrs. ——: "Why, don't you know? You surely can guess. It's very evident who she is; there's but one person in New York who can serve things up in that chic style, and she lives in Brooklyn."

Mrs. D.: "Who, the dashing young widow ——? Oh, it's not a *she* at all, but I, like you, feel sure that Anno Domini has *his*, *her* or *its* observatory on the planet 'Mars.' Are we hot?" (turning to one who knew.)

O. W. K.: "You are getting warm."

Mrs. ——: "Well, let us average up and charge it to 'Lord H.' since we are agreed that 'Anno Domini' may be settled somewhere on 'Mars.'"

And so it was settled to their satisfaction, but "Anno Domini" is as elusive as ever.

Like everything else the "Vaudeville" improves with time and experience. The members of the club may well feel pleased with the number of excellent entertainments given by them this winter, none of which was any better than the last given by Miss Gertrude Peake at the home of Mrs. J. H. Lewis. One of the features was a comedietta, "The Boston Dip," in which the now old favorites, Misses Lillian Lewis, Louisa Lewis and Gertrude Peake, Messrs. Marsh, Lewis, Hemmings and Gilbert took the characters; other features were a piano solo by Miss Glover—excellently done, of course; a recitation by W. H. Lewis and one by Miss Peake, in which much grace and training were displayed; Messrs. Hare and Harry Lewis gave pleasure with a banjo duet; but it was left to Miss Mary Lewis to make the hit of the evening; the young lady not only surprised her friends by the beauty of her voice in a vocal solo, but also delighted every one by her poses in Greek costume. Miss Lewis has decided natural advantages for such an exhibition; to these were added a good arrangement of lights and draperies, the whole making a most charming combination.

The afternoon tea and sale held in St. Andrews Hall for the benefit of St. Monica's Home Wednesday afternoon and evening, the 24th inst, was a financial and social success. The leading spirits in the fair were Sister Catherine and Miss M. C. Dean. The tea table was presided over by Mrs. Sparrow and Miss Andrews. But where were Miss Marion Ridley and Miss Lillian Lewis, who were to have assisted in making money for this most needy charity? the first named at the flower booth, and the latter booked to lead the "Vaudevilles" in an entertainment, and also to dispense "toothsome candies" to make sweet charity sweeter.

Mr. J. Rosemond Johnson gave his second annual piano forte and vocal recital at Steinert Hall Wednesday evening, April 24, assisted by Miss Maud L. Reese, lyric soprano, Mr. Edward S. Glover, violinist, Mr. Arthur Payne, 'celloist, and Madame Dietrich Strong, accompanist. The beneficiary, Mr. Johnson, was heard nine times in vocal and three in instrumental selections, the latter showing both taste and finish in the execution, which cannot with truth be said of the vocal efforts, strength being the quality most in evidence there. The singing of Miss Reese gave the most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction. De Beriot's Seventh Concerto for piano and violin was rendered by Mr. and Miss Glover in a manner to call forth the most enthusiastic applause and an encore. The concert was in every way creditable, and as an evidence of the esteem in which Mr. Johnson is held among the best of Boston's music lovers, a noteworthy success.

Our congratulations to Mrs. Terrell, who is well worthy of the honors bestowed upon her, we speak not only for ourselves, but for the many friends of herself and husband in Boston.

The "Harvard Boys," Messrs. Trotter, Royal and Williams, gave a tea at the College House last week to which the "buds" turned out in force and beauty. Mrs. Trotter matronized the affair and everything was delightful.

A beautiful girl baby made its appearance at 13 Rutland Square, the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Wilson on the 13th of the month.

Miss Ray's poem, "In Memoriam," was one of the especial features which made the April ERA a conspicuously fine number. Miss Ray is one of our few real poets, and the many words of pleasure in her poem that have come to us from our readers show that she is widely appreciated.

SOCIAL NOTES.

NEW YORK.

The event of the season, the Bachelor's Ball, as was expected, proved a splendid success from every point of view, from the selection of the most beautiful hall in Brooklyn to the natty arrangement of the carnation hyacinth boutonniere on each bachelor's lapel, with the club colors, maroon and white satin, worn aslant each spotless shirt front. The decorations and brilliant illumination to a certain extent acted as a quietus. Before supper Anno Domini feared as to the enjoyment, and occupied the time looking for Les Miserables. One of the gay bachelors lost his laundry slip evidently. The same stood, just before "Home, Sweet Home" broke upon the charmed air, and said to a bevy of girls, "Say, *boys*, ain't this out of sight?"

The patent leather market is evidently short. The Trilby of the occasion was the gallant president. He danced and — But Miss Edie B——, like a dear, little Quakeress, so quiet, yet so sympathetic, looked up in his handsome face in a way that would make a fellow forget an angel parent, much less his — steps.

Midnight settled on. One ought to have been gay Lothario when from a corner he darkly gazed upon his winsome lady in the mazy dance. The fair Evangeline was radiant. Beau Brummel was as usual exquisite. We all envy his kinship with Sweet ——*e*, the loveliest debutante of the season.

The prettiest set in the room was that off in the little corner. In it was Our Rob, his chum, the Prince of Wales, Irvie Charlton, and a natty little fellow who wore a white vest. This is no discount on the one led by "our own Miles Standish." He 's not as bashful as I first thought. Ern is all of the Revolutionary Captain of prim old Plymouth Rock — as handsome, if not as stern. The only time he seemed unsettled was when a pair of brand new patent leathers came into the set, mistakes and all.

Who is the belle? That depends, you know, on who answers. A chorus cries, "Why, the peerless leader of Brooklyn society's inner circle, Miss Katie Smith!" Robed in Cupid's own glow, a beautiful red.

In daintiest blue appeared the next popular belle, Miss Julia West. Then in regular order followed a perfect galaxy — in fact, the Muses. Miss Bessie Mitchel in Spanish gold; then Miss Alice Greenly in a queenly robe of white silk; Miss Annie Hawly — and oh, so many more!

Miss Evangeline Walker, whose bright eyes and peachy cheeks with their distracting dimples more than ever reminded one of early apple blossoms, robed as she was in snowy white, cut decollete. So many girls were in white, all so pretty! Anno Domini drank in the music of a soft southern voice. All else seemed artificial for the time. Miss Sallie Meyers is as pretty as her voice is sweet and thrilling. Such an accent!

You talk of young shoulders and old heads. Well, that 's the feeling that assails you when talking with a certain little New Bedford girl. Her name belongs to the firmament.

The disappointment of the evening for A. D. was the non-appearance of the most magnificent-looking matron in Gotham, she whose every costume is a delight to true artists. The scene needed her glowing South American beauty. The devotees at the Sons must have increased the score to a hundred. Selfish institution! They caused a shadow to fall aslant my otherwise perfect evening.

Bright-eyed Annie D—— and her tall fiance came not. The same is true of some of the patronesses. Why? One, a queenly mother of three princely sons; the other, an aristocrat in every sense of the word, an authority on good form; and her chum; and some of Gotham's schoolma 'ams; but thereby hangs a tale!

The young matrons were resplendent in their wedding gowns. Mrs. Charles Lansing, Jr., and her tall husband — the boys insist on his being called Depew — were one of the most distinguished looking couples present. She was delightfully gracious.

Lord Chesterfield seemed unhappy, though he escorted a beautiful Norwalk belle, Miss Taylor.

Deferential Charles Day was fortunate and to be envied, in succeeding where Brooklyn's favorite tenor singer failed. Miss Mena Downing was radiant.

Mrs. Elizabeth D. White was in every way a patrician in a regal costume of gray, her bright black eyes and lovely silver-colored tresses making her look like a daughter of the Revolution.

Mrs. Daniel Brooks was, as Mrs. Brooks always is, her own matchless self. Some say in describing her influence upon society, she is the Mrs. Paran Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Francis contributed largely to a chosen circle. He went around looking for

a novelty that night—a plain looking girl. Everybody was so handsome that he didn't report success. He was simply submerged.

Our Rob laughed without smiling. His heart was in foreign lands—Jersey, I think. But his brother—the most envied as well as most gallant bachelor in the gathering—he escorted Miss Katie Smith, who consequently had to whisper "nay" to four disconsolates.

All the favors did not fall to the bachelors, however, for the other fellows, those to whom success never plays shy—they are a success whether or no—the altogether too numerous and too interesting widowers. On this occasion the handsomest was from Albany. The most popular—dare his name be called—the most lately bereaved, came alone.

Mrs. Harry Mars, with her proud spouse, was everywhere envied as the "little mother." By the way, the "little cherub's" auntie, the sweetest and prettiest of Dr. White's daughters, Mrs. Jerome Peterson, told me there would be another ball (bawl) soon—the christening.

The great bazaar for the Sons is still on as we are obliged to go to press. "Everybody will be there tomorrow night," Mrs. Harry Kemp said at the ball. But she reckoned without the bachelor's now famous supper and sparkling liquidities. Ah!

Some of the yawning beauties did reach St. Philip's Guild organ recital the following night, but I don't know about the bazaar.

Though the night was fine in Brooklyn, it must have been foggy on the Jersey coast, for the "Goddess of Liberty" was conspicuous by her absence at the ball. Everybody pitied Our Rob but

ANNO DOMINI.

THE OPEN COURT.

MRS. N. F. MOSSELL, EDITOR.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION WORK AND ITS MISSION.

In the course of an interesting lecture delivered at Association Hall, Phila., upon The University Idea in Modern Life, Dr. William Pepper, L.L. D., made the following statement: "The great University movement will not be fully organized until in every part of the country there is felt the same sympathy and interest and obligation now concentrated in a few university towns." In this sentence the keynote of the true mission of this movement has been struck and it is becoming evident that this belief is slowly developing in the minds of many living at widely different points. Paul Quin Monthly, the organ of Paul Quin College, Waco, Texas, announces the opening of a Theological School of Correspondence. We can but feel that this movement is significant of many things. First, at this point there has been sown the seed of University Extension in its deepest sense, its truest meaning. Second, a keener sense of the duty of the university to those who are debarred from attendance at it; and lastly, a fostering of the spirit of helpfulness that remains latent in the breast of all.

The University Extension Magazine for January 31 contains a paper from the pen of Prof. Wm. L. Bulkley of Claflin College, Orangeburg, S. C., entitled University Extension in a Southern Town. We give below in his own words a statement of the plan of work now being carried on under his supervision. And can only add that the plan is meeting with the success desired.

The class we have organized may serve as a model for others.

1. The teachers offer their services gratuitously.
2. The cost to each member is reduced to a minimum, the charge being only for light, fuel and janitor work.

If any charge were asked, even fifty cents a month, the very object we have in mind would be defeated, for the class we would reach are absolutely poor, and such is the almost universal rule throughout the South, where wages are small and work is so uncertain.

Each member of the class pays one cent a night. And, again, the cost of books is but little, as most of the instruction is given orally, with blackboard helps. As the class meets in one of the school-rooms, there is no charge for rent.

Finally, the object in starting this class was not only to help the two or three scores who may become members, but also, and chiefly, to set an example to the hundreds of students who come to this school every year from every corner of this state and from adjoining states. They can, they ought, they will do a like work where they go. The lesson is one of helpfulness. It is easy; it is practical; it is Christian.

Should such a movement receive encouragement in all the colleges of the South, be they state or church institutions, a decade hence would witness a tremendous improvement in those brawny toilers, whose brain and ambition are vastly larger than their opportunities.

Then could we step into a higher plane of University Extension *in re* and join hands with our brethren of the North in offering to the workingman treasures from

the coffers of philosophical, sociological and classical lore. WILLIAM L. BULKLEY,
Professor of Latin and German,
Claflin College, Orangeburg, S. C.

We hope that the example set by these two progressive universities may continue to spread in all directions. Such courses cannot be other than of vast service to a developing race like our own. Some of our magazines might also inaugurate a correspondence course in English literature and history. It would give practice and experience to the teacher of the department and would help to solve the problem among many of our girls as to what they shall read, and what course of study or reading would be most helpful toward supplying them with subjects for thought and hence for conversation.

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, the noted author and temperance worker, read two papers at the Women's National Council held in Washington a few days ago. Her subjects were Woman as a Business Factor, and Is Physical Force the Basis of Government? Both subjects were ably handled.

The WOMAN'S ERA has awakened a great interest in club life among Afro-American women. Many are the inquiries sent us as to club work in Philadelphia, but apparently so far we have not developed the fervent club spirit that might have been expected in a City of Brotherly Love and Sisterly Affection. Quite a number of our progressive women in the city are, however, working with the Civic Club. This club holds to Philadelphia the same relation as the Woman's Club, of which Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams lately became a member, holds to the city of Chicago.

A bill to revive the whipping post in New York state recently passed one legislative body and came within about four votes of passing the other. As originally phrased, the bill provided that a male person convicted of felony consisting in or accompanied by the infliction of physical pain or suffering upon another might have flogging added to the punishment already provided. The Senate Judiciary at a later date inserted a provision exempting wife beaters from liability to flogging and limited the penalty to persons guilty of assaulting a female or a child of either sex under the age of sixteen years. Now we do not propose to argue the advisability of the revival of the whipping post, but simply to claim that if revived in behalf of any class of criminals that class should be wife beaters, instead of making them exempt. But it would seem that we are to assume from the action of the learned Senate Judiciary committee that reaching the age of sixteen or becoming a wife places one out of the pale of humanity. One may cause the arrest of a brute who assaults a dumb animal, but if it be his wife or a persen above the age of sixteen, we must stand by and witness such action without protest.

It seems that this clause was put in to uphold the authority of the head of the house. Now, it is often said by men that women do not need the suffrage to form laws to ameliorate their own condition because the laws are continually being amended by male legislators against the interests of men solely for the protection of women. Now this may be so in some cases, but does any sane person believe that women legislators would have exempted wife beaters from flogging in the case before us? We hope if the bill comes up again that the Women's Loyal Union with other associations will look after the interests of wife beaters carefully and with tears.

Very many suggestions have been made in the various Women's Departments of the journalistic world pointing a way toward the desired result of putting off the hours of the first quarrel between the lately wedded benedict and his charming bride; counting up to one hundred, holding water or beans in one's mouth, and many other bright suggestions have often appeared, but I have just come across "the best yet" and give it at once for the benefit of my readers, many of whom are young and all sweet, who may lapse into matrimony at any time. *Quarrel tomorrow*; now tomorrow never comes, hence a quarrel can never come. N. H. Junior, in the Evangelist, acts as sponsor for this new method of avoiding a quarrel and vouches for its success. Let some of The Open Court readers try it and report progress at some future day.

Let me correct a wrong impression concerning a certain matter of recent experience. I chanced to speak to a friend of a conversation concerning the entrance of our women writers into the columns of the Ladies' Home Journal to which many of them subscribe; this conversation was noted in a race journal, but feeling that the whole circumstance was not clearly stated I wrote a comment for a prominent journal. The article was cut considerably and from other recent comments I fear that the matter is misunderstood. The policy of Mr. Edward Bok, editor of the Home Journal, is to *accept* such articles as have been deemed worthy, yet emanating from the pen of our women, but in two cases at least they have drawn out protests from the subscribers of the dominant race. Now the matter is of great interest to us as a race for the reason that we have long wondered why we could not secure space for good work in white journals, nor yet able replies to attacks on our

race published in the great monthlies of the country. I wish the matter to be thoroughly understood and that the editor may not feel misrepresented. The point for us to take to heart is to inquire in other quarters whether protests are being made against the admission of our writers into the higher grade journals, and find out the remedy, if there be any, to offset this system of oppression, and if none, let us at least see the necessity of keeping our dollars at home and continue to build up our journals until they can compete with these from which we are being excluded.

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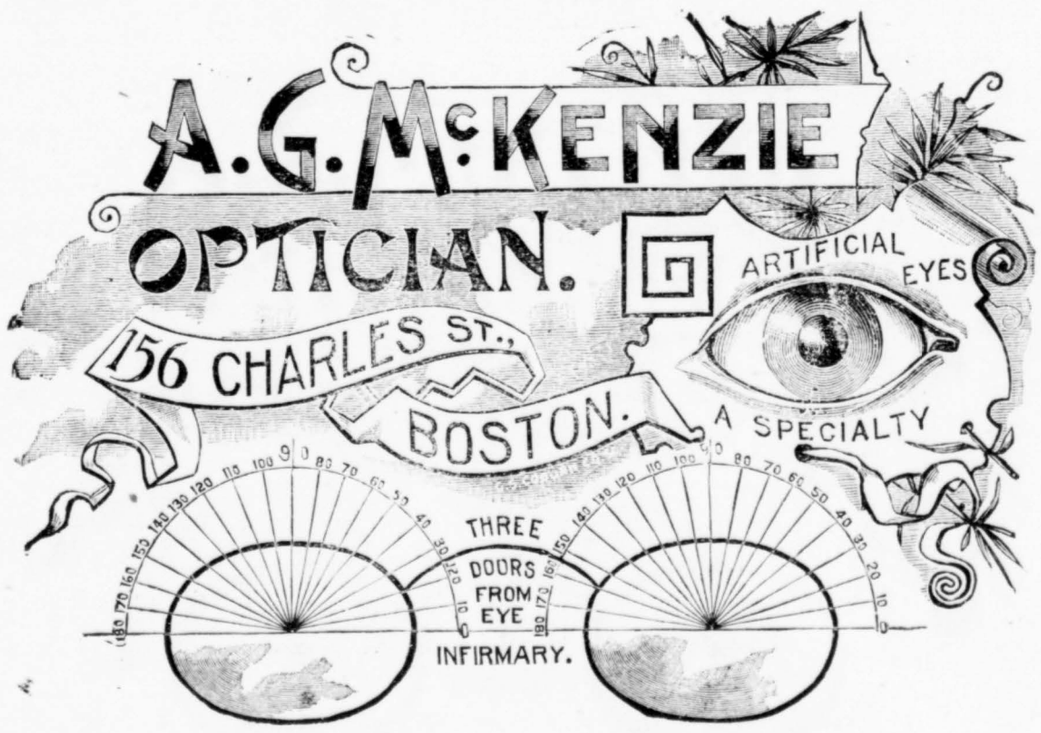

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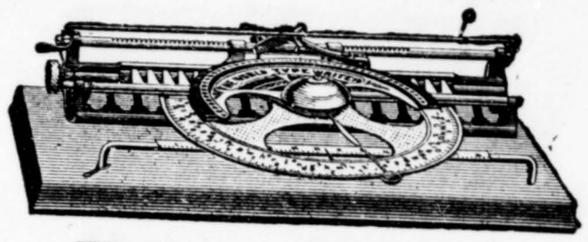

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